

ICEE by twitterpated

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Gay Will Byers, M/M, Will Byers Can't Catch a Break, Will Byers Deserves Love, Will Byers Is Not Okay, Will Byers Needs a Hug, annual fair gone wrong, it's okay tho his almost bf is there, mlm, no beta we die like billy, shady food vendor, will goes to the fair, will's food was laced

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Summary:

will and eric go to the annual hawkins fair, where a shady food vendor is lacing food. eric helps will while he recovers from his food being tampered with

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Author's Note:

eric still isnt my mf oc. this is old. let me breathe

Hawkins, Indiana, had a great annual fair. Will Byers had been going since he was a baby in a stroller, not that he actually remembered that. There were old photos from one of his moms old cameras that were developed and were put in really oddball places in his new place. That shouldn't have been his focus. Why was it?

Will felt like the world was spinning too slowly and that his body was moving too fast. He wasn't too sure what was happening, he just knew that he felt ill and he had to find a trash bin, or even behind a tent. His steps were slow and sluggish as he dipped between two of the set up tents and headed towards an empty area towards the back of the fairgrounds. He didn't get far before he collapsed on his hands and knees.

He felt feverish. He could feel how clammy and sweaty he was, how his shirt was starting to stick and his hair already clung to his forehead. What was happening? He hadn't felt this way, ever. Will knew what a fever felt like (he was a sickly kid), but this wasn't that. His head was swimming, and his body didn't feel like his, but he wasn't having a fun time with this. He felt like there was too much light coming into his eyes, and everything was too bright, even when he was tucked away behind everything.

Will vomited.

He didn't taste it, and it barely registered, but the colourful pile in front of him made it clear as day. He thought he heard someone say something, but when there were a thousand or more people there when wasn't someone saying something?

Someone grabbed his chin.

"LOOK AT ME."

His brown eyes slowly travelled up to look at whoever was speaking. It took him a moment, or maybe a minute, to register who was looking at him. It was Eric. Where did Eric come from? Will's eyes drifted, trying to see if he could figure out the mystery, but he couldn't. He was pushed back into reality by Eric moving his face so they were locking eyes again.

"What's wrong with you?" It was so simple and it should have had a simple answer, but Will could only shrug. Seeing the frustration in the way Eric furrowed his eyebrows was cute and, from Eric's reaction, maybe Will had said it out loud. He wasn't too sure. He was too out of it now.

"So. You don't know what's wrong with you, and I don't know what's wrong with you. Fuck. Okay."

It was a struggle, so much of a struggle, but Eric had pulled Will up to his feet and held his arm wrapped around Eric's neck, while Eric's own arm supported him at the waist. Walking was a struggle. Holding himself up was a struggle. He wanted to close his eyes. Will let his head rest on Eric's shoulder.

"I think one of these shady-ass food vendors laced something you ate."

Will only have registered what he said, and when he blinked, they were sitting against a car. The car was at the furthest point from the parking lot. It was nice and cold. He turned his head so he could rest his face on the outside of the door. It was yellow. It must be Jolie's.

"You're awake? Thank god. You passed out for a bit. Are you feeling any better?"

Will only shook his head. He was more there mentally, but not physically. Whatever happened to him only lasted for a short while, he assumed.

"That's okay. You're going to be fine, okay?" A hand touched his

knee, and it was then that Will realized just how close he and Eric were. Will watched Eric silently, brain trying to slowly come up with something to say. It took a second, or maybe longer, but Eric was patient with him. Eric was always patient with him. It was nice and it made his chest feel warm. His chest always felt warm and fuzzy when he was with Eric. Everything felt right.

Will's mouth opened, but nothing came out. He had to try a few times to get his tongue to move. It felt like lead and his mouth was so, so dry. It took a lot of energy to speak, but the way Eric's cheeks went a nice pink made the effort worth it.

"Everything's always fine when I'm with you."